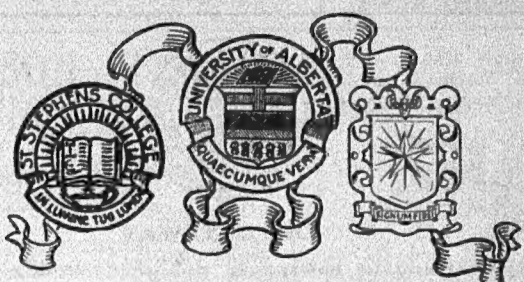


The Gateway



VOL. XVIII, No. 7.

UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1927

SIX PAGES

COUNCIL MEETING WELL ATTENDED

Alan Galbraith Appointed Managing Editor of Year Book

The Students' Council met on Monday evening in Arts 135. A fairly full attendance of members made it a snappy and successful meeting.

Secretary Reg. Hamilton read a letter from the Commerce Club. Expressing the opinion that it has now outgrown the status of a subsidiary body, the club asked that the privilege of engineering the Undergrad Dance be granted it. Following a discussion concerning the status of this organization, Max Wershof made a motion that the Council grant its request. This motion was seconded by Shirley MacDonald. It was suggested, however, that since it is still early in the season, and as the Undergrad Dance is not to be held till the middle of January, the Council table this question till its next meeting, thereby giving other faculty clubs another chance to apply. This was put in the form of an amendment, and approved by the Council.

On the recommendation of Tom Askin, Director of Evergreen and Gold, the Council ratified his appointment of Alan Galbraith to the Editorship of the publication.

Before the meeting adjourned, President Oke considerably brightened the future of the Council by announcing that Mrs. MacEachran had invited the Council members to an afternoon tea.

SOPHOMORE PLAY TO BE SELECTED

Galaxy of Talent to Put Dramatic Effort Over the Top

The Sophomore choice for inter-year play night is still shrouded in mystery. The committee in charge has narrowed down the field to three plays. The final choice will likely be made today, and whatever play is chosen and whatever may be its theme, the Sophomore Class has the talent to produce a winning play. Although the second year students have been somewhat handicapped by a late start, they intend to make up for this by constant work. It seems that the Sophomore Class has always been at a disadvantage with their play; it is claimed that this class as a rule does not make a very strong showing. Perhaps this is so, and perhaps it is not, but at any rate this year Class '30 will have a strong play to begin with, and then plenty of talent to back it up. Yes (and this is said with all due respect to the other classes), this certainly looks like the Sophomores' play-night.

Of the three plays under consideration, two are more or less tragic in theme, while the third is lighter in subject matter. The whole three plays are written by outstanding playwrights.

The talent among the members of the class is about equally divided between newcomers and last year's actors. In all probability the play will be directed by "Felp" Priestley, who, although a Fresh-Soph, is well known by all the readers of The Gateway, and also by his participation in other University activities. So, again, we reiterate our statement that, taking all in all, Class '30's actors and actresses will have to be considered this year as strong contenders for the Dramatic Shield.

NOTICE

Letters for the correspondence section must reach the office of The Gateway by 1:00 p.m. Monday.

TRYOUTS HELD FOR FRESHMAN PLAY

Plenty of Talent in Evidence Among First Year Actors

A tryout for parts in the Freshman play was held in 235 Arts last Saturday afternoon. The committee appointed the week before to read plays and to pick a suitable one was fully represented. Johnny Farrell, who is to be director, managed the reading of the pieces assigned to the applicants. That there was no dearth of aspirants was manifested by the fact that seventeen people were present to show their ability, although the play has five characters only.

After two and one-half hours patiently devoted to judging the histrionic abilities of the would-be actors, Vincent Allen announced for the committee to those present that the cast would consist of Miss J. Black, Miss H. K. Craig, Eric Gibbs, Wilfred Margolus, and W. Huckvale. The committee and the director are all well pleased with the list, and consider themselves fortunate to have been able to obtain such excellent material. Many applicants showed great acting power in their tryouts.

The play, a one-act comedy, is such as the committee deems especially suitable for the contest. With such a play, with such talent, with Eli Scabbia handling the scenery, and with J. Farrell directing the acting, the committee considers the Freshman chance equal to the best.

Next Conference of N.F.C.U.S. to be Held at Christmas

Maritime Debating Team Will Come West in January—Federation Has Lofty Aims

Immediately after the war, there began in Europe a general movement towards federation of university students. This impulse towards international union was part of the great tendency towards international understanding which was the cause of the formation of the League of Nations; the aftermath of the war was a tremendous reaction from nationalistic and imperialistic tendencies to a wider vision and wider interests.

The movement towards a students' federation in Europe gave birth to the Federation Internationale des Etudiants, with a National Federation in Great Britain comprising the British universities. Two years ago this British Federation sent a debating team through Canada, formed from several of the outstanding universities of Britain, with a dual purpose in coming to Canada. Its one purpose was, of course, to promote harmony by means of intellectual intercourse, but its other very important purpose was to further the scheme of student federation in Canada. One member of the team was R. Nunn May, who was also president of the British Federation. Mr. May succeeded in interesting the Canadian universities in the plan, and accordingly a conference was held at Montreal last Christmas. At this conference the National Federation of Canadian University Students was formed, subject to the approval of two-thirds of the Canadian universities. The ratification of the scheme has been unanimous, at least so far as the larger universities are concerned.

Aims of Organization

The aims of the organization are to foster better understanding throughout the Dominion, to create a firm intellectual union between the provinces, as it were; to replace a provincial spirit by a wider Dominion spirit through an interchange of ideas and mutual appreciation. The N.F.C.U.S. will also establish a sort of central clearing house for university affairs, dealing with such topics as the buying of text-books, arrangement of debating tours, etc.

As one of the activities of the Federation, a Maritime debating team will come West in January or February to debate at universities and probably at clubs in cities other than the university cities. The Federation has also accepted an invitation to send a team of two men to debate in England after Christmas.

Possibly one of the most important projects brought up by the Federation is the plan for the exchange of undergraduates; undergrads of one university will take a year of their course at some other university. The scheme was presented by Mr. Bannerman of Toronto University to the

DEBATING SOCIETY TO LIVE THINGS

Principle of Responsible Govt. in Students' Union to be Discussed

That debating will be the major indoor sport this year seems evident. Realizing that it is time for a change, the Debating Executive have scheduled a number of parliamentary debates, modelled as far as possible after the famous Toronto Debating Union system. It is thought that this system provides greater chances for a greater number to say what's on their minds than any scheme yet devised.

The aim is to introduce into the debating something of the atmosphere of the House of Commons. The first debate of the series will take place next Wednesday evening in the Common Room, and the speaker's chair will be filled by J. Friend Day, of the Department of Political Economy. The subject and the leading speakers will be announced on the bulletin boards.

It is intended that throughout this series topics of current interest shall be selected for discussion. The rumor is that, among others, the question of the abolition of the Lit, and of bringing responsible government into the Union are to be fore. Officials and those in high places will be present to defend themselves when questions affecting them are brought up. Student Union executives will be asked to account for their actions if the meetings criticize them. In short, some of the haranguing and arguing that goes on in the common rooms and halls on the momentous questions of the day will be transferred to the floor of the house.

The motto for the evening will be "Bring your own smokes and leave your feelings at home." It is understood that once a fight is on, anything short of physical persuasion is in order. No matter against whom it is directed, criticism is free from any recriminations. Persons with feelings easily hurt would be wise to stay away.

Somebody's scalp will be missing before the big talk-fest is over next Wednesday. Bring your girl-friend—or boy-friend—enjoy the fireworks, and join the battle.

university convention at London, Ontario, last June. The idea was very popular with the delegates, but it was of necessity referred back to the universities, since there are a great many difficulties for the individual universities to arrange. Most of the universities have accepted the principle, but it will take some time to make definite arrangements. There will be a great deal of organization necessary to arrange courses so that the visiting undergraduate would not lose credit for a year's work at his own university. There is also the question of the expense to the visiting student, but this will probably be met by having the university they are visiting remit fees. The exchange could not fail to result in better understanding between the universities. It would also have a standardizing effect perhaps on the courses. If the choice of an exchange pupil were to be made by competitive scholarship, we have another distinct advantage.

The Federation will meet at Christmas, at a point to be settled later. The delegate from Alberta is Wes Oke, President of the Students' Union.

JOHN MASEFIELD GREATEST ENG. POET

Professor Corbett Gives Interesting Address at Lethbridge

"It will be a bad day for any people when they become indifferent to good literature and fail to glimpse those far horizons on which the eyes of the poets of all ages have been fixed," declared Prof. Edward A. Corbett of the University of Alberta, in addressing the Lethbridge Board of Trade at its weekly luncheon recently at the Y.P.C.A.

Prof. Corbett gave an illuminating address on "Contemporary English Poets," in which he placed John Masefield on a pedestal high above all other living singers of the English-speaking world. The vote of thanks to the speaker, proposed by S. J. Shepherd and seconded by K. W. Reikie, was heartily responded to. Pres. E. E. Mackay, who presided at the luncheon, stated that Prof. Corbett would always be welcomed by the board of trade. The chairman mentioned that the lecture was one of a series by faculty members of the University during the winter. Dr. Tordy being scheduled to speak some time early in the New Year.

Lauds Georgian Group
In opening his address, Prof. Corbett declared that English poetry did not cease with the passing of the Victorian group, as many held. On the contrary, the Georgian group, both before and during the war, had made a real contribution to the poetry of England, and today, he said, there is a group of young singers that must be given consideration. The war had brought forth some excellent work, although the spirit of this verse was in striking contrast to that of Sir Henry Newbolt, earlier in the century, who had glorified war. The Great War poets had painted the romance of war, its stark nakedness or the probable effect of the armed conflict on civilization.

He mentioned Rupert Brooke as one of the gifted sons of the gods who had written some of the finest war poetry. His death in the early stages of the conflict cut short a most prominent career. His poem, "The Dead," will rank high in literature, said Prof. Corbett.

But it remained for Siegfried Sassoon to describe the truth about war as it was encountered in the trenches. The naked simplicity, the blunt realism and impressive sincerity of his work burned its way into the consciousness of the English people as no other war verse, said Prof. Corbett, who read a number of Sassoon's poems to illustrate his style.

Masefield
Passing reference was made to Gibson, Graves, Noyes, Chesterton and others, and the remainder of the lecturer's time was devoted to John Masefield, the poet of the sea, who was described as the outstanding poet of the English-speaking world. Prof. Corbett reviewed the stirring life of Masefield as a seaman, a bartender in New York's East Side, a tramp beating his way across Canada on the C.P.R., a reporter on the Manchester Guardian, a free lance writer in London and an author with the literary world at his feet.

As a prose writer, Masefield was not a success, but one play, "The Tragedy of Nan," is good. Of his poetry, "The Everlasting Mercy" is his best work and stamped him at once as a new and glorious voice in the realm of verse. It is a religious narrative, showing Masefield at his best. Although he very characteristically depicts the sordid, reeking side of life as it is lived in the slums of Old London, he does not stop there, for in the poem Masefield gives us new and wonderful revelations of beauty. "John Masefield is the greatest prophet of submerged democracy," was one of the suggestive remarks of Prof. Corbett in describing Masefield and his work.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS MAY CAUSE TROUBLE

Conditions in Europe Worse Than in 1914, Says R. Lee

On Wednesday, November 16, in the Arts Building, Mr. Roy Lee, B.A., addressed a gathering on the subject, "International Students Problems in Europe."

Mr. Lee is a member of the International Students' Service Union, who has travelled through Canada lecturing in different universities with great enthusiasm and hope.

The speaker gave a comprehensive picture of the Union, which receives support from forty countries and works for over twenty. The work done was to assist the students in their pursuits from 1920-1923, when most countries were nearly bankrupt. Various "Self-Help Club" methods were used, where student's life is bound up with economic situations.

In Europe the students have a deep bearing upon the progress of the nations. They take a much greater interest in public affairs than do students in America. They are the medium through whom such great movements come as the German Reparation Bill and British Trade Revival.

The speaker asserted that the most important section of the community is the students, and they are giving welfare to the countries. But lately this condition was upset by the war. The means of subsistence were next to impossible. Also there were very many leaders killed in the war, leaving very many countries to their fate.

The greatest trouble among the students arises in France. The first situation is that there is an average of 20 per cent. of foreigners. The result of this is that the student activities are almost dead, and universities take no interest in their students. For example, they do not provide even a common room for student meetings.

At present, the speaker noted, there are more causes for war than ever existed in 1914. Old causes are not wiped out, some are intensified and more are created—for example, between England and Russia, between Italy and France. The speaker stressed the point that among students there are many rabid imperialists, who support their country with fiery passion. The result of this is that often they do more harm than good. It is the aim of the Union to eliminate such incidents from the current history by bringing about by conferences more friendly relations between the student bodies.

The speaker maintained that the students of U.S.A. and Canada must dominate the students' affairs in Europe: first, because they are not troubled with financial situations, and second, that we are very numerous and therefore must lead the way to the light.

It was thought that the students in this part of the world are not conversant enough with the affairs of various countries of Europe, that determine the world peace which concerns us so intimately.

YEAR BOOK TAKES SHAPE

Senior Pictures and Epitaphs Must Be in by December 22

The newly appointed Year Book staff has definitely started working on this year's publication, and are making plans that will involve several innovations. The University studio has opened for the session and is engaging a larger staff to handle photography. It will be open every morning and afternoon except Saturday, and will take individual or group pictures. A time limit has been set for graduating students to have their pictures taken. The proof to be used must be turned in before December 22. If it is not, then an old one will be used or the picture will not appear in the Year Book.

This is not asking very much of the seniors since there are about thirty days left to do it in, and the actual sitting and selection of the proof to be published takes about an hour. If this is done it will simplify the work of the staff immensely. The same limit applies also to epitaphs. All epitaphs should be written and handed in within the next two weeks. A limit of between eighty and one hundred words is the ruling for this year. All graduates should arrange immediately to have their pictures taken and their epitaphs written.

Time limit for submitting proofs for the other years will be Jan. 31st. Clubs and organizations are being counselled about their contributions in the way of cartoons, cuts and writings. It is expected that by the mid-winter vacation the Year Book will be taking definite shape.

The staff working with the Director is as follows:
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WILL ADDRESS STUDENTS



SIR HERBERT AMES, K.T., LL.D.

SIR HERBERT AMES HERE NEXT WEEK

Will Speak on "Changing Spirit of Europe"

Sir Herbert Brown Ames, K.T., LL.D., former Canadian Delegate to the Assembly of the League of Nations, who is conducting a lecture tour through Canada under the auspices of the Association of Clubs, will speak at this University on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 21st, 22nd and 23rd of November, on the general subject, "The Changing Spirit of Europe." In the course of his lecture tour, it is the universities of Canada he is addressing. He has already spoken at the Universities of Toronto, Queen's, McGill, Amherst and Manitoba.

Sir Herbert Ames has a very distinguished record of both Canadian and European public service. In Canada, he has been an alderman of the city of Montreal, a member of the House of Commons, the honorary secretary of the Patriotic Fund, and vice-president of the firm of Ames, Holden and McCready. In Europe, he has been the financial director of the League of Nations, and officially accredited delegate of Canada to the Assembly of the League. He has travelled widely in Europe, the United States, the near East, the Orient and Australasia.

Sir Herbert's addresses here will be especially timely in view of Canada's recent election to the Council of the League and of her growing trade relations with Europe; and the speaker is especially fitted to deal with the subject. As the Canadian Club pamphlet on the subject says: "As a member of the Canadian Parliament, or as an international civil servant, Sir Herbert Ames saw the Dominion grow in international importance from the time of the early Imperial Conference and the war to the election of Canada to a non-permanent seat in the Council of the League of Nations this year. As the director of the finances of the League, he saw its secretariat grow from a handful of officials and clerks in a small office in London to a staff of five hundred, drawn to Geneva from the four corners of the globe; and the League itself grew from the allied powers named in the Peace Treaty to the election of the German Republic in 1926. As a Canadian, therefore, and as a former international civil servant, Sir Herbert is peculiarly qualified to speak on 'The Changing Spirit of Europe,' and to lecture on the rise of the League of Nations and the role of the Dominion of Canada therein."

The topical subjects of Sir Herbert's addresses will be:
Monday: The Promise of Peace.
Tuesday: Building up and Testing the Machinery, The First Eight Years of the League.
Wednesday: The Reconstruction of Europe.

DR. THOMAS' LECTURES

Dr. Ernest Thomas, well known to the students of Canadian universities, is to be in Edmonton for the week beginning November 20th. He is going to deliver a course of lectures during the week under the auspices of the Student Christian Movement of the University of Alberta, on the topic, "What Men Found in Jesus." Last spring Dr. Thomas gave a course of six lectures here on the "Life of Jesus," to a group of between forty and fifty students. The course was followed by the students with great interest, and it is expected that a still larger group will attend the second course. The lectures will be given in the Convocation Hall of St. Stephen's College. Any student who is interested in these lectures may attend. The first lecture will be at 7 p.m., Monday, November 21.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Dr. Ernest Thomas, of Toronto, will be the speaker in Convocation Hall on Sunday morning next, his topic being, "The Changing Garments of Religion." A solo, "O Divine Redeemer" (Gounod), will be rendered by Miss Ethel Richards.

TWO GUESSES! WHOM DO WE REPRESENT?

Le Cercle Francais Plays at Charades in a Merry Session

For the benefit of those who are at a loss to explain the peculiar phenomena observed in the vicinity of Athabasca Hall Wednesday afternoon, and especially to allay the fear of residents that a communistic disturbance may have broken out, we are giving this report of the meeting of the Cercle Francais which was held there at the aforementioned time.

The ritual of tea having passed nearly unnoticed in the general excitement, which completely overpowered the audience, the meeting was opened by the singing of "The Marseillaise." Following this a small orchestra, composed of a violin, cello and piano played several selections.

It was after the orchestral selections that the fireworks were set off. The first piece on the programme consisted of a short scene presented by some students of French 5-4, entitled, "Laficelle s'offre un diner sans bourse delier," which portrayed in a vivid manner a hitherto unknown side of Parisian life.

In rapid succession there followed two charades, presented by the senior students. The first one, representing the word "Théâtre," was well presented except for the fact that the words were rather difficult to hear, but the closing scene was eminently successful in portraying the thrilling duel scene from Macbeth, fought in this instance with golf-clubs. The charade came to a brilliant and dramatically successful ending with both the contestants dead upon the "champ d'honneur."

In the second charade the climax of the afternoon was reached. The players were successful to an amazing degree in injecting a touch of "couleur locale" into the action. The first scene, representing M. Sonet's French class, was received with wild and vociferous enthusiasm on the part of the audience. The second scene, giving an insight into the French lectures of M. Pelluet, was eminently successful, especially when "M. Pelluet" lost his moustache; this latter action was considered by the spectators to be a masterpiece of dramatic effectiveness, and as such was given a magnificent ovation. Dean Kerr's French class, in Natural History, in which various types of wild animals are discussed by the students with a marvellous ignorance of the subject, was the third scene, and was also given a large and vigorous series of cheers. The final scene, a poorly-attended C.O.T.C. parade, under the direction of "Col. Dunn," gave an insight into some aspects of military training which might be frowned up in strict army parade. The word "Bataillon" was correctly guessed by a member of the audience.

M. Sonet thanked the various players on behalf of all present for the entertainment which they had provided at the meeting. The gathering broke up following the singing of "O Canada" in French.

PROSPECTS OF COM. GRADS REVIEWED

Dr. MacGibbon Gives Interesting Address at Club Luncheon

In an address to the students of the Faculty of Commerce at their luncheon on Tuesday last, Dr. MacGibbon outlined in a brief and interesting way the prospects and problems that would confront the average student after graduation. The chief note which he sounded was that of patience, pointing out that most men in the professions do not reach their earning stride until the age of approximately thirty-seven, while the average commercial man seems to gain his momentum about five years earlier. In any career, Dr. MacGibbon pointed out, the student could and should expect several years of apprenticeship after which, and only after which, his education would begin to stand him in good stead. He cautioned against an air of superciliousness during this period of trial that would retard advancement and stand in the way of much that could be learned, and indeed needed to be learned.

In his opinion there is more than ample room for commercial graduates in the larger businesses of the west, instancing several kinds: railways, banks, wheat marketing, insurance and other developing fields. He pointed out, however, that this was not the only field of endeavor, as the country offered countless opportunities for development of new industries and all types of commercial expansion.

University Associations

During his discourse, the speaker pointed out that the associations made while at the University were of material benefit years afterwards, and described how graduates from the older universities secured positions via that medium. Although such a medium was largely lacking at Alberta, and especially in such a young faculty as Commerce, nevertheless the pioneer graduates were of the whole finding good places in the world.

The luncheon was ended by a vote of appreciation to Dr. MacGibbon, and a few minor items of business.



THE GATEWAY

Undergraduate newspaper published weekly by the
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TO HEAR IS TO OBEY

The Wauneita Council or Court, not content with asserting its right to manage its own affairs in serene immunity from the criticism of male reptiles, has more recently declared itself sovereign over the opinions of members of the Wauneita Society. It appears that the aforesaid members are not permitted to express publicly anything but humble approval of the proceedings of the sublime body that guides the destiny of their organization. No god has ever demanded more of his worshippers.

So, when a pair of impious damsels had the audacity to write a letter mildly indicating disapproval of the initiation ceremony, the Council rose in its goddess-like wrath and launched its thunderbolt. The offenders were condemned for "disloyalty," which is apparently a synonym for sacrilege, and were ordered to do penance, not in sackcloth and ashes, but in inky apology. We know very little of the procedure by which these delinquents were found guilty of their horrid crime, for the drift of the Council is dark, an Isis hid by the veil (apologies to Alf). But rumor hath it that the members of the court combine the roles of witnesses, prosecutors and judges.

Evidently a number of the Wauneitas are not "capable of comprehending the principles of loyalty and fellowship which our society represents," and verily, loyalty and fellowship shackled and gagged are difficult to comprehend.

Persons who have the necessary equipment for the process occasionally form opinions, and opportunity for self-expression is one of the things that women of today demand. Wherefore it is distressing to note that this very opportunity is denied them by their fellow-women.

However, the Council has spoken. The ukase has gone forth. Veritas sumus, and we do not even propose to turn. In fear and trembling we remember our invitation to all and sundry to express their opinions through the columns of The Gateway. It is possible that this was one cause of the disloyal utterances which have so scarified the souls of the Councilors. In dread of excommunication, we hasten to proffer our humble apology for having suggested that an ordinary rear-rank Wauneita was entitled to an opinion.

—E. L. W.

DISABILITIES OF THE ANCIENTS

A gentleman of Ancient Greece once told a prince that there was "no royal road to knowledge." Hence we have no testimonials as to how Alexander the Great increased his slaughtering power "one hundred and fifty per cent. in three months, at the cost of five minutes per day at home,—the easy way." Think of what Alexander might have done if he'd had access to modern conveniences for increasing efficiency, instead of having only the advice of the pessimistic pedants who passed for wise men in his day.

Consider the disadvantage under which shy and awkward men like Virgil labored needlessly. If they had lived today and read Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book, they would never have felt "uncomfortable in company again." They'd have been "able to talk as intelligently as anyone."

If Xantippe had had the opportunity of consulting Dorothy Dix, she might have made something of Socrates. Likewise Menelaus might have kept Helen at home if she'd had a little timely advice from "the wisest woman in the world."

Caesar's commentaries might have been made much more lurid if C. Julius had taken a correspondence course in short story writing. Poor Julius did not even know that each paragraph should have a particular "topic sentence." Probably he had no manual on Speaking and Writing Latin. Xenophon was similarly handicapped.

Examples may be multiplied, and the wonder of it is that the ancients did as well as they did, and that we have improved so little on their work. With all our modern advantages, it is safe to say that we are a long way from perfection. Helens still run away, and if we haven't Xantippe, Mrs. Jiggs is a fair substitute; and even The Gateway shows no decided improvement on the works of classical authors.

INTUITION

We were told in Convocation Hall not long ago that authority can no longer be sure of giving tomorrow the answer which she gave today. This is quite true, and it leaves us in a difficult position. If we look ahead at all we are apt to distrust present authority. Therefore it is dangerous to look ahead, unless, as was suggested, we may safely rely on intuition.

Unfortunately authority is apt to be obstinate at times. Intuition is no defence before the law, which is an extremely conservative thing, more inclined to consider the answers of authority in the past than to speculate on its future replies.

On the whole, it is safer to hop from precedent to precedent than to rely on intuition. There is at least something definite in precedent and intuition is a rather hazy and variable thing.



We notice in the Journal that typewriters will match dresses—the latest dictate of fashion. This will undoubtedly mean a tremendous reduction in the size of the typewriter.

And most likely more of the mechanism will be exposed.

We shall most likely hear some of the following:
"Yes, dear, I bought the duckiest Remington today in a lovely beige, matches my new coat perfectly."
"I simply had to get a new job; you know the typewriters at the office were too drab."

Bosses will grumble a little, perhaps, when they have to change the length of the typewriter as skirts go up and down—or rather, up and up.

She was only a laundryman's daughter, but she took me unaware.

She was only a photographer's daughter, but couldn't she expose!

The Ubyssy begs the following:
"Will the women of the two senior years please wear gowns during the first two weeks as far as possible?"

Question: How far is possible?

POME

At night when sudden tremors shake,
And agitate the casement,
The cause may be a distant 'quake—
Or raisins in the basement.

"The inventor has done wonders for the home," says Karl Kirby, head of the research department of a light company in Kansas. "Vacuum cleaners, washing machines, gasoline pressure irons and other household conveniences have solved the servant problem."
If some inventor will only create an apparatus that will hold hands with the policeman and kiss the iceman good morning, perfection will rule supreme.

Pug McIntosh, a heavyweight contender,
Fought Mulligan, who was the belt defender.
He didn't train for the fight.
Mulligan knocked him cold that night.
They called it uncondition-al surrender.

Sure, It's a Cinch

Most any man can be an editor. All the editor has to do is to sit at a desk six days a week, four weeks a month and twelve months in a year and edit such stuff as this:

"Mrs. Jones of Cactus Creek let a can-opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry." "Joe Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a look and fell, landing on his back porch." "While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the church social last Saturday night, a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square." "Mr. Fang, while harnessing a bronco last Saturday, was kicked just south of his corn crib."—Exchange.

A peculiar complex
Has Ted McKnight;
His morals are loose
Because he gets tight.

The C.O.T.C. sergeant bawled out: "All those fond of music step two paces forward."
With visions of soft jobs in the band in their minds, half-a-dozen stepped forward.
"Now, then," roared the sergeant, "you six chaps get busy and carry that grand piano in the basement up to officers' new quarters on the seventh floor!"

They call her "Golf Bug"—her ambition is to go around in as little as possible.

We occasionally find hidden gems of thought in the announcements. Here's one:
"Miss Cottie Whitney and W. B. Civil were married Sunday evening at Sixth Avenue Methodist church, the pastor, the Rev. W. C. Martin, performing the ceremony, which took place at the conclusion of the regular evening service. Mr. and Mrs. Civil will make their home in South Edmonton. At the conclusion of the ceremony the choir sang, 'Oh, What Shall the Harvest Be.'"

Another:
For Sale.—Bob-sleigh, household utensils, and one osculating fan.

Another one:
Notice.—All the vacancies in the borough school teachers have been filled.

Our Question Box
Dear Romeo,—What is the difference between a theolog and a dialog.—Art Stewed.

Ans.—In the latter case more than one person has a chance to speak at once.

Dear Romeo,—I have a large, rather Romanesque nose. Everyone I meet says it reminds them of Ed-monton. Why is this?—Izzie Irish.

Ans.—Probably because it has a high level bridge.

Our Poet's Corner

Sal's always eating raisins,
A raisin fiend is she,
And every sentence that she says
Just reeks with irony.

I've lost my clothes in a poker game,
Ten dollars I.O.U.
I only have my B.V.D's.
S.O.S.—P.D.Q.!



"If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind."—J. S. Mill.

University of Alberta.
Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—May I unburden my soul in your columns of a grievance which probably every student feels from time to time? Why, in the name of humanity, must we be forced in certain courses to spend our entire lecture-time taking notes which are read out in a dismal tone by the professor from his typewritten set? It seems to me to be a criminal waste of time and energy from the point of view of the student to spend three hours a week at this nerve-racking pastime. The whole thing could be accomplished in two minutes at the first lecture in courses where complete notes are necessary, by the simple process of handing out to each member of the class at cost price a set of notes; and then the lecture-hours could be profitably spent in discussion.

It seems to me also to be a waste of time from the point of view of the lecturer—his spending his entire lecture-time doing something which any of his pupils could do equally well, namely, reading a series of typewritten sheets of paper.

It's about time that the S.P.C.A. was called in.

A LONG-SUFFERING STUDE.

CORRESPONDENTS

With reference to a letter signed J.C.H.C. which was published recently, we would like to make it clear that the identity of the authors was never divulged by the Editor or by anyone on the staff. If any persons have discovered who the authors were, they have done so by intuition or by some other means over which The Gateway has no control.

If any correspondent so desires, his or her correct name is kept confidential.

—THE EDITOR.

University of Alberta.
Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—It but remains for a female Mussolini to arise in the Wauneita Society to complete the outbreak of feminine fascism which has recently amused the masculine members of the Students' Union. When J.C.H.C. ventured to express their frank opinions of the ceremonies originated by the august Initiation Committee, we had the spectacle of the culprits (tracked down by methods reminiscent of Sherlock Holmes) tried and convicted of the heinous crime of "disloyalty to their tribal sisters."

Long live the Wauneita Council! May they ever uphold the freedom of the press, and continue to strive for a united sisterhood like new pennies, identical save for the date.

H. R. M. ACHESON.

University of Alberta.
Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—"All women students who are in attendance at the University of Alberta shall be, ipso facto, members of the Wauneita Society." Now, Mr. Editor, aren't you glad pro bono publico that you are not Miss Editor? It appears there would be no way of escaping the doom, you too might be penalized for daring to breathe a word of criticism against such an august body so obviously above criticism.

You see, the Wauneita Society was founded "to further the spirit of unity among, and to promote the interest and general welfare of the women students," and a little farther on we find that one of the duties of the Council is "to administer reproof, impose penalties, or do any act whatsoever which may be deemed necessary and expedient for the maintenance of a high standard of conduct . . . and the judgments, orders, and decisions of the said Wauneita Council shall form precedents . . ." Now of course, sir, you and I and lots of other people would feel very pinched indeed under such an efficient system of catching the evil-doer and ne'er-do-well and back-slides and what-not. Indeed, compared to this system Canadian justice is about as much use as last year's Chemistry notes, and the work of the men students' court seems very puny indeed.

For you will understand, if any Wauneita action is criticized the Council, as being the party whose doings are disliked, will of course lay the charge. Then the summons will be served on the culprit by the proper official (who is, of course, on the Council). When the case comes to trial, the jury can fully understand the prosecutors' arguments, and the penalty is fitting, because the same Council which was complainant and sheriff is also counsel, jury and judge. The judgment will be decisive because the judges have already made up their minds. Truly a remarkable system, under which the hardened criminal has about the same chance as a pound of tea at an Engineers' meeting.

You wonder, sir, that such an organization should be continued? This is the manner of it. No Wauneita can object to any doings of the Council—that would constitute "disloyalty" and demand a public apology. (Don't laugh, Herbert, that wasn't meant to be funny; it is true.) No outside persons can say a word, for they have no business butting in, and would they please keep their noses out of other people's affairs, and anyway, they are not supposed to know anything about what goes on, because all our Wauneita meetings are secret, and besides, the girls on

the Council are just lovely, so there. You see how it goes. And the joke of the whole business is that every member of this society with a Council whose stern and amazing faith in themselves seems founded on nothing less than a spotless righteousness, are all guilty of a very serious breach of regulations. All University students sign the following declaration:

"I, the undersigned, hereby promise, without mental reservation, that I will have no association whatever in connection with any secret society of this University, nor be present at the meetings of any such secret society so long as I am a

member of the University of Alberta." By no stretch of the imagination can this society be looked upon as anything but secret. Secret rites, ceremonials and performances mark its line of march from the beginning to the end of each year. True, its officers and membership are known, but such is the case with almost any secret society. I suggest that since the Wauneita Society has in every way so poorly realized its functions, that this fact of it being a forbidden organization be used for its complete removal.

Yours truly,
C. B. F.

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WHAT WE DON'T KNOW

Profusion of theories and confusion of ideas mark the intellectual life of today. This may be a sign of progress, but as Mr. Duvall said, "Progress whither? To the Devil perhaps." Without expressing any opinion as to this hopeful suggestion, one may remark that it would take a highly expert navigator to determine the course we are steering. New and strange conditions have developed so rapidly that we seem to have lost our bearings in strange waters.

No individual has the slightest chance of mastering the sum of human knowledge, or any considerable fraction thereof. This fact necessitates an increasingly high degree of specialization, which, in turn, involves a further possibility of conflicting interests and ideas. Already our social and economic systems are bewildering in their complexity, and are growing more so every year. Scientific development is so rapid as to render one dizzy, and its results call for vast quantities of new legislation. Consider the number of laws dealing with railways alone. These

are the product of less than a century. Legislation for motor vehicles, aeroplanes, radio and other comparatively new devices, is still in its infancy, but shows every sign of rapid growth in the future. Governments must regulate, because there is an increasing popular demand for government regulation.

We are fondly hoping that the League of Nations will prove a check on national differences. Well, even if it does, we have plenty of substitutes. Class conflicts, sex antagonism, the clashing interests of economic groups, all promise to be fruitful sources of trouble.

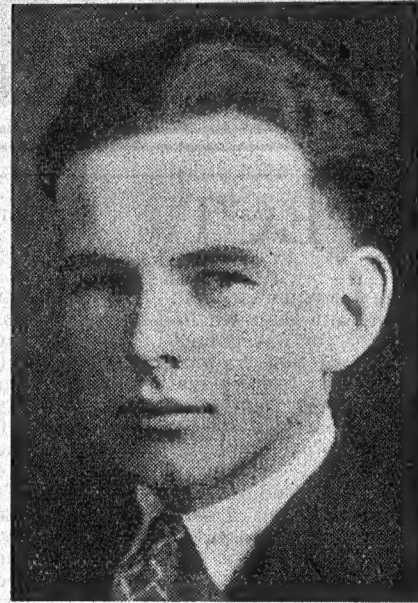
Those who are supposed to know, tell us that this is an age of transition, and we have every reason to believe them. If they could give us an idea as to what we are in transition for, and the extent to which we are likely to be "damaged in transit," we might be more indebted to them. But it is hardly fair to ask even an economist or sociologist to assume the role of a prophet. Prophets seem to be out of date.

We have theorists enough, and if three or four of them could agree they might enlighten us. But theories are as various as their creators, and their name is legion.

The enormous output of printed matter does not help to clarify the situation. Between the neurotic current fiction, which from page and screen helps to form or deform the public mind, and the ever-varying, though ever-developing "fairy tales of science," there is a wide field covered with every sort of literary growth. The variety is so great that no one is acquainted with half of it. It makes one envious of the old gentleman of a few centuries ago, who was able to die satisfied because he had mastered a certain number of the books of Euclid. If anyone dies satisfied nowadays, it is probably because he does so while he still has plenty to wonder about. After all, this is a not inconsiderable blessing. If things are not so stable as they might be, they at least furnish plenty of material for interesting speculation, and this helps to keep people from being bored.

Need of Prophets Nevertheless one cannot help regretting the dearth of reliable prophecies in these days. Even if they had no honour in their own countries, they could prophecy over the radio for the benefit of foreigners. If the art or science of prophecy had kept abreast of the times, how useful it might have been. Women would have been able to find out all about styles for years to come, and governed themselves accordingly. Ambitious young men would never need to work if they knew that in ten years they would inevitably be rich or flat broke. But on the other hand, they might be inexorably doomed to keep on working. This is a depressing thought to a person generally indisposed to effort, and on second thought he is inclined to doubt the value of prophecy. If the world is going to the devil, we can still hope that it will not reach its destination till we have no further use for it.

RETIRING FROM STAFF



ED WEBSTER, Arts '30

Retiring as Circulation Manager of The Gateway after over a year of efficient work. He is succeeded by James E. Hawkins, a Freshman in Applied Science.

PEMBINA LIBRARY FORMALLY OPENED

Forms a New Social and Intellectual Centre for Pembinites

"It seems like Christmas Eve," said one Pembinites to another, as they sat before the fire on Saturday evening. Certainly the spirit abroad in Pembina that night was one of joy and good fellowship, and indeed as the glow from the new lamp fell upon rows of books which had filled the shelves so miraculously in one afternoon, it seemed that Saint Nicholas himself must have emptied his sack at their door.

Perhaps the readers of The Gateway do not believe in Santa Claus, so for practical-souled individuals it would be well to explain how this Christmas spirit came to be abroad on the 12th of November.

The Pembina girls have written many letters to Santa Claus in past years, asking for a Pembina library. Last year the Blue Stocking Club offered to play the good saint and give books, but the room was not yet prepared to receive them. This fall the House Committee obtained permission to use the little sitting-room, and bought a reading lamp for it. Meanwhile, the Women's University Club was preparing a surprise packet for the girls.

Last Saturday afternoon the Women's University Club held their regular meeting in the Pembina drawing-room. Senior girls in residence, member of the House Committee and the Blue Stocking Club were invited to attend. The purpose of the meeting was to present Pembina with a gift of books. Miss Patrick, President of the Women's University Club, received the guests and presided over the meeting.

Miss Montgomery gave a short but very interesting talk on "Books and Reading." Mrs. Bur, who belongs to both clubs, presented the books for the Women's University Club and for the Blue Stocking Club. Quoting from Stephen Leacock, she said: "We have brought you a basket of books." The basket of books consisted of one hundred volumes, including a set of Parkman and Tolstoy's complete works. Winifred Gilhooly, President of the Women's House Committee, accepted the gift, and thanked the givers on behalf of the girls. In closing, she extended a hearty invitation to all university women to "sit in our reading room, before our fire, to read our books by the light of our lamp, (when we have any) to eat our apples."

After the books had been received, tea was served, and graduates mingled with undergraduates in hearty good fellowship.

ORGAN RECITALS ARE RESUMED

Beautiful Programme Begins Monday Afternoon Recitals

The Monday afternoon organ recitals given by Mr. L. H. Nichols were resumed this week in Convocation Hall, the recital taking place at 4:45. Those in attendance were treated to a beautiful program of organ selections. Most of the day's numbers were light, airy selections, well calculated, with the aid of the carefully selected atmosphere of dusk and shadowed lights, to carry the listener out of the world of everyday.

The programme opened with Louis Nicolas Clerambault's Prelude, a delicate study in legato and staccato touch.

The second number, Meditation (No. 2) in F Sharp Minor (Alex. Guilmant), is a melody played in a subdued manner on the oboe stop in the left hand, while a beautiful obbligato is woven over it by a flute stop in the right hand part. "Sketches of the City," by G. G. Nevins, was the next selection. This included three beautiful sketches: (a) An old lady on the porch; (b) A boy whistling down the street; (c) On the avenue (Victorian era).

Canto Amoroso, by the 18th century composer, Giuseppe Sammartini, was played next. This was followed by Andante Cantabile from the 4th Organ Symphony, by Chas. Marie Vidor. The last selection on the programme was Walford Davies' "Solemn Melody."

The next recital will be on Monday, November 21, at 4:45 p.m.

THE ENTHUSIASM OF YOUTH

One of the greatest assets of youth is the possession of enthusiasm, just as, conversely, one of the greatest liabilities of old age is the lack of it. I don't mean by that, of course, that all youth has enthusiasm or that all old age lacks it. There are exceptions to every rule. But, for the most part, youth does possess that effervescent quality called enthusiasm, and likewise, for the most part, old age lacks it.

The reason for this is obvious. Youth has comparatively few disappointments, a great deal of confidence, and an abundance of conceit, all of which, to the young, are good and necessary things. By having so few disappointments youth is inclined to laugh at life and its difficulties; to make light of its real seriousness. By having a good deal of confidence, youth creates within itself a hidden superiority-complex, as it were, which leads into experimentation, experience, and—as a result—ability. By having an abundance of conceit—of a certain kind—youth creates around it an atmosphere of imaginary assistance to help it through its troubles. All these things minimize sorrows, increase joys and create enthusiasm.

On the other hand, old age has passed through a great many trials—often adverse ones—and a great many struggles in which it has failed more often than succeeded. This has gradually led it from a state of confidence into a state of uncertainty and hesitation. The good opinion of itself, and its abilities, worn away by the hand of time, has reduced it to a state of humility and reverence or perhaps cynicism and malice. It is impossible therefore for old age to possess the enthusiasm that gave it spirit in its earlier years.

It is true perhaps that old age does not need enthusiasm to such an extent; it is true that it has gained some compensation for its loss through the experience and wisdom of life; it is true, too, that its great work in life is over and that it is too late—even if it wished—for old age to begin anew. And yet there is another side to this. It is just a question whether or not the people of old age are receiving the maximum enjoyments from this life that they should and could receive if they did not allow to die that great inner spirit of joy that mastered the best years of their youth. Sometimes, of course, there are disappointments almost too great, too weighty, for the human soul to bear; sometimes it is almost impossible for men to smile and cheer the world like those of younger years are wont to do. Infirmities, both physical and mental, descend upon old age, and lay it low.

And yet—this is worth while remembering—there are many people old and feeble who, in spite of all the burdens of a weary and difficult life, still possess the spirit of fire—though no doubt to a lessened degree—that led them successfully through their youthful days. There are thousands who, though physically unable to accomplish what they accomplished years before, still have the will to do and the spirit to go on.

Therefore if some can go through their brief span and still retain enthusiasm, surely others can? It requires but a little effort of the mind. So, let us remember that, in going through our youth, there is something worth while keeping, something we should never lose. Let us remain enthusiastic just as long as we can.

ARTS CLUB HEARS RHODES SCHOLAR

Too Great Centralization of Student Activities Criticized

"Have we too great centralization of student activities?" asked Mr. John Cassels, 1924 Rhodes Scholar, at the last meeting of the Arts Club. In this and other respects Mr. Cassels outlined the contrast between the Oxford University and our own. The first impression of an Albertan arriving in Oxford is that student affairs are in a state of flux, and he wonders why they do not organize. Closer acquaintance shows that the English system has the great advantage of spontaneity. The undergraduate clubs spring up naturally, and disappear when the interest in them dies out. Clubs at Oxford exist for the benefit of the student—not the student for the club, as is too often the case in Alberta. The only compulsory fees are those collected for athletics. Apart from this, one joins only what one pleases. The university magazines are conducted as private enterprises and publish whatever they please.

The explanation of these differences is found in the youth of Alberta and its institutions. While we are not hampered by obstacles from the past, Oxford has the benefit of traditions which we lack. Our constitution was necessary for guidance, but it may be that we have come to a stage where too much guidance has resulted in an undesirable rigidity in student affairs.

Mr. Cassels' address, which sparkled with anecdote and sly humor, was followed by an animated discussion as to the future policy of the Arts Club. It was the general opinion that informal discussion of questions of interest to all Arts students was more desirable than rigid adherence to the program of past years.

PRESIDENT TO ATTEND MEETING IN CHICAGO

President Klinek leaves for Chicago on November 9th to attend the meeting of the National Association of State Universities in U.S.A. As representative of the Canadian Universities the president of U.B.C. will speak at the annual dinner of that society. Dr. H. T. J. Coleman will be acting president during the absence of the Doctor.—Ubysses.

SYMPHONY SEASON OPENED SUNDAY

Student Patronage Facilitated By Special Subscription Rates

Citizens of Edmonton enjoy the rare opportunity of listening to some of the world's finest music as reproduced by the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra. This privilege is taken advantage of by increasing numbers of appreciating listeners from year to year. The opening concert of the Symphony's eighth season was presented on Sunday evening, Nov. 13th, in the Empire Theatre. Mr. Vernon Barford, occupying the conductor's stand very successfully, carried the orchestra through four splendid numbers.

Undoubtedly the outstanding number of the programme was the first, "Symphony No. 5 in E minor," taken from Antonin Dvorak's "New World Symphony." Dvorak was born of Bohemian peasantry and lived most of his life in his fatherland. The "New World Symphony" is founded entirely on folk themes, but this material he has treated so skilfully that the work as a whole is one of art and a triumph of genius. In the "New World Symphony" Dvorak rises to heights never before expected in the use of such simple thematic material. His command of the technique of symphony writing is supreme. The "New World Symphony" is in four movements. Only the second and fourth were played Sunday night. The second (Largo in D Flat minor) is well known for its light swinging melody. The fourth is the finale (Allegro con fuoco in F minor) towards the end of which all the themes of the preceding movements are interwoven into especially effective conclusion.

A marked contrast in musical form was made with the playing of the second number, "Scenes Alsacriennes," a suite consisting of four numbers: "Sunday Morning," "At the Inn," "Under the Linden" and "Sunday Evening," by Jules Frederic Emile Massenet. These four descriptive compositions are very vivid, each painting a delightful picture of the Alsace. Massenet gained considerable prominence through his orchestral suites.

When the name of Mr. David Jones appears on a programme one can feel assured that something of a superior nature is forthcoming. It need hardly be stated that Mr. Jones met the anticipation of his many admirers when he sang Aria, Faust, "The Hour is Late," by Gounod. Mr. Jones was accompanied by a well-balanced section.

PIE-EATING CONTEST

While on the trip west the "Tobacco" team had the novel idea of holding a pie-eating contest. The gang were having a fine meal when the idea arrived. Hurriedly six of the boys ordered pie—real honest goodness PIE. About the time that the race was half finished the end was in view in the person of two well known characters. The boys then did the hat trick when the pie disappeared in great style under the napkins of the C.P.R. Suddenly the trainer, Billie Hughes, appeared on the scene, and was asked the following question:

"Say, Billie, how much does this make? If six players eat six pieces of pie, what is the result?" As Billie looked under the said napkins and replied: "Twenty times around Wesley College for each of the six."

"Oh," cried the six. As a result the boys lined up to watch Dojack, Robson, Frank McDonald, Bell, Elkin and Glad Rayercraft finish their race. They were to go around the track twenty times and then look at the pie. As a result pieces of crust.—Manitoban.

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HART BROS.

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tion of the orchestra. His encore was, "I look into your Garden," by Haydn Wood, with piano accompaniment.

Two numbers of Tchaikovsky were next rendered by the orchestra. First of these, "Waltz from the Opera, 'Eugene Onegin'" Opus 24, creates a profound impression. The second Humoresque Opus 10 No. 2 is of course a less serious composition founded on a French folk melody. Its lightness and delicacy makes it a prime favorite.

The Concert Overture to the Drama "Robespierre" by Henry Chas. Litoff concluded the programme with a touch of grandeur. It is very rapid and somewhat tempestuous throughout. The later part of the overture is built upon the theme "La Marseillaise" and is admirably instrumented.

Owing to the fact that the Symphony concert programmes are on Sunday night, the support of the orchestra is maintained by a subscription list and not by a direct ticket sale. University students will be glad to hear that the management tenders reduced rates on a certain number of good seats. These can be arranged for by communicating with Mr. C. T. Hustwick, secretary and business manager of the Symphony Orchestra Association, at his office in the Empire Theatre.

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SPORTS



BIG STRUGGLE FRIDAY NIGHT

Varsity Seniors Play Boy Grads in Upper Gym

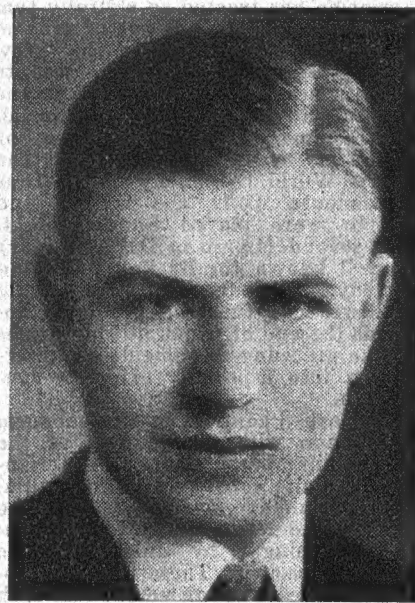
The first home game of the season will be played by the senior basketball squad on Friday night, November 18th, against the Boy Grads, in the upper gym. The game starts promptly at 8:15. There is no doubt that the game is going to be a close one, as the Boy Grads are admittedly good.

As for Varsity, there is every indication that the Green and Gold basketball team will not only win the city championship again this year, but that they will also win the provincial league. We speak not empty words; for peruse the following: Varsity shirts will grace the backs of six of last year's brigade of basketballers, viz., Husband, Brynildson, O'Brien, Osborne, Gowda and Greenlee. These lads form a splendid background for this year's team, which is being coached into perfection by "Allie" Butchart, ex-Varsity

hoop star. McCallum is back after an absence of one year. And out of the inevitable "Frosh" Class at least three men of merit will travel in company with the foregoing elite. These are Shandro, Carscallen and Weisbrod, who indeed look pretty in practise. Those who desire to can see them in action on Friday night.

In the first game of the season, two weeks ago, these two teams played to a thrilling draw, after Varsity, with a second string lineup, came from a long way behind. Does this indicate anything but a ding-dong battle when they meet on Friday? Come and see for yourself!

HOUSE LEAGUE HEAD



JACK ALLEN

The destiny of House League basketball will be a difficult one to guide this year, judging from the two hundred odd names that have been handed in. But the right man to do it has been found in the person of Jack Allen, fourth year Aggie. Jack has had three years' experience in the House League, being known as a clever, snappy forward line sharpshooter. He plays a heady game himself, and has proved a success as a team leader. This year he will control the whole league.

It is expected that Jack will sound the general call to arms—or rather, the upper gym in Athabasca—shortly after junior tests.

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RETROSPECT

The old school teacher smiled as though his thoughts pleased him. He turned to the group and commenced to laugh as he asked if they had ever heard the story of a famous trip he made with his university rugby team.

"You remember the Varsity team away back in 1927. They had had luck that year—couldn't seem to get going as they did in former years. At it was, though, they gave their opponents a hard run for their money. They broke even on the number of games, but Manitoba beat them on the total number of wins. One of the best games with Manitoba was played on our old grid. You know, just near where the new Varsity Stadium has been erected. That was in the good old days when rugby was rugby. Why, in those days we even had to play the officials. It wasn't an uncommon thing to have men penalized for dirty tactics. As you know, that was cut out a number of years ago.

"What I started to tell you was of this famous trip of ours. We had to travel to Saskatoon by rail, as the U. of S. was the nearest univer-

sity to Alberta then. It's different now, but then we had to travel distances for our games. They had the old-fashioned trains then, too. There was only one private car for our team, but then of course we only had a party of twenty-two. They can take many more now, because the games are drawing great crowds to the new Stadium. Anyway, we left Edmonton on a Friday evening to play at Saskatoon the following day. Some of us slept that night and the rest of us didn't. We were wakened in the middle of the night by our coach, who must have thought we had rested long enough; anyway, we were going to get off the train for a little run. We happened to be in Battleford at the time, and after we had run all over the town (it was small in those days) we ran through a few rugby signals. We were then herded onto the train, and after a time given a little food. They believed in starving us into condition in those days. After eating, many of the boys put in time by playing that good old game of blackjack; you fellows may remember it. I haven't seen it played since the Hon. John Y. Woods made it a criminal offence. Ernie Lewis, as we knew him then (you know him, he's head of that big irrigation project up north), was continually complaining about a lack of food. He couldn't see how he was going to play when he was half-starved. Just before noon the train got to Saskatoon. The boys walked around the city, and had a great time dodging poppy sellers and ticket salesmen.

"The less said of that game the better. I saw an account of it not long ago. It had been dug up from an old file of The Gateway, and had been written by Mac Holmes. He impartially roasted the boys for their bad playing.

"After the game the team was given a banquet in what was then a small dining hall. Prof. Hardy showed us the new cup that he had given

(Continued on Page Six)

HOCKEY OUTLOOK LOOKS BRIGHT

Varsity Hockey Hopes Extremely High

All signs point to Edmonton in general and Varsity in particular having the greatest season in the history of amateur hockey in this city. With no professional hockey this year the amateur puckchasers should go over big in Edmonton this winter.

What about Varsity? This looks like Varsity's year—no fooling. All of last year's regulars are back, and we hear whispers of at least three new men who can make the puck do anything, and who will be hard to keep off the team. One of these men is reported to be a star. It is true that Varsity finished in the cellar last year, but at the end of the season the boys struck their stride and copped the Duggan cup. The change in the scholastic rule is going to be a big help. The effect of the change is that there will no longer be the switches in the lineup in mid-season due to failures in the tests. And another advantage of course will be having one of the finest rinks in Western Canada on our campus for the boys to practice on.

Varsity will be represented again in the Intermediate League if one is formed. With these two teams and the Interfaculty League, about a hundred students will get a chance to play. It seems that the time is ripe for an increase in the number of clubs, in the Interfaculty League. That league is designed to give as many men as possible a chance to play hockey. Its purpose is not primarily to put up a fast brand of hockey. As at present constituted there are four teams representing eight faculties. There is no reason why six teams should not be formed, and thus give that many more men a chance to play. We used to have more than four teams, but the number was cut down on account of ice expense. With the new rink, ice cost will very likely be much lower, and the return of the number of clubs to normal is the logical result.

SPORTING SLANTS

The time grows short—we shall have ice at the Arena in another week.

Hubby is a real coach—to listen to the praises of the fair basketball bouncers. They say he is by far the strictest coach they've had—and that it won't be his fault if the best conditioned squad Varsity has ever had doesn't take the floor this season.

Ian MacDonald is talking suicide these days—no, don't stop him, for he only means good Suicide Hill, which he promises will soon be ready for toboggans.

Don't forget, lads; Miles Palmer can show you a thing or two about boxing. He is the best instructor Varsity has had for several years, and the chance is too good to miss.

Girls' hockey will soon be under way again. Great stuff! But how about a little more interest being shown in the icy sport by the co-eds this winter? Before the girls' team decides to travel to foreign parts again, we'd like to see some justification for it, in the shape of more fair spectators at local games—and also, a few more handling a stick.

SCI-PHARM MEN SOCCER CHAMPS

Win Game 1-0 With Fluky Goal —League Great Success

Last Friday afternoon saw the final game of the Interfaculty League between the Medentags and Sci-Pharm. All through the schedule the Medentags had been leading, but when Arts-Com-Law defaulted to Sci-Pharm they became automatically tied with the leaders. True enough, "Old Man Winter" with his white beard was upon us. The snow was two inches deep and the mercury had almost sunk out of sight, but this was not enough to daunt the sturdy pigskin chasers, and promptly at 4:45 the boys peeled off their fur overcoats, but retained all else, and the game was on. The Medentags were short of two players at first, but Science kindly loaned them one, and at half-time an Arts man who was fond enough of the game to brave the elements filled up the only gap left.

After the game got under way no one but the goalkeepers kicked about the cold, and some in fact found the going too warm for them. At times brilliant plays were nipped in the bud because of the poor footing in the snow, but the game was a worthy exhibition for all that. Before five minutes had elapsed McAndrews, playing right wing for Science, sent in a lovely long shot which barely went inside the upper left-hand corner of the goal. It was a beautiful shot, but had no licence to be a goal, had it not been for the snow spoiling the goalie's footing. For the first part of the first half Science dominated the field, and kept Haworth and Richardson, full backs, busy clearing, but by half time the Medentags began to assert themselves, and in the second half they enjoyed fully as great an advantage as their adversaries had in the first. The only difference was that they failed to score. The forward line missed the steady influence of Jimmie Manson and the heady playing of Anderson. At the same time, Donaldson, playing full back for Science, must be credited with gumming up many of their best efforts. Shortly before full time the Medentags put a nice goal past Johnson, who hadn't a chance to save, but the play was on an offside pass and didn't count. It was a nice game to win and a hard one to lose, but the Medical men and their supporters have nothing but admiration for their plucky Scientific rivals. All agree that interfaculty soccer and senior soccer, too, for that part, has had one of the best seasons on record for many years. This year we've had between fifty and sixty men out at different times,

while over forty have turned out regularly all fall. Since we've had no big trip to hold up to these men as bait for turning out, they have played for pure love of the game that, where soccer is better understood, attracts the largest sport-loving crowds in the world.

One of the pleasant features of the game this year is that so many of the soccer enthusiasts are first and second year men who will in all probability be with us for some years. This augurs well for the future of the game and who knows but next year the senior team instead of just losing out to the provincial champions 1-2, may tie or even beat them. Soccer is not dead here yet.

ICE SOON READY

It is expected that the ice in the Covered Rink will be ready within a few days. Formal opening of the rink is planned for Dec. 1.

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ESKS WIN OVER INTERFAC. STARS

Lose to Provincial Champions— Score 16-5

That ironical humorist, Dame Fortune, played a sorry trick when she provided the All Star Interfac. team with a snow-clad and ice-bound rugby field for their struggle recently with the Junior Eskis. But it proved a good game under the circumstances, and for those rugbyists who were unable to attend at Manitoba, it proved a lesser treat in which pathos was intermingled with comedy to make up an enjoyable afternoon of sport. The Eskis won, 16-5.

Varsity kicked off, and in a wild scramble the Esk man was downed, and play began. While both teams were getting their "ice-legs" the ball hung around centre field, due to the splendid way in which the two lines held. But fumbles and slips were so frequent—inevitable with an icy field—that the Eskis forged through to our five-yard line. Then Prior, in a splendid buck, rolled over the back of an opponent to land behind the line. Dolighan failed to convert.

But this didn't worry our boys much, for by now they had adapted themselves to the surroundings in which the Eskimos were already at home, and they pushed the "Igloo Dwellers" well back to their own "pole." In a phenomenal manner Hoffbauer, assisted ably by Dunn, broke through continually to muck up plays until Scotty Brown found himself and his clan on their five-yard line. However, Dolighan booted the ball down the field to the reliable Johnny McLean, who would have got away but for a splendid tackle from Harper.

Then Nevezis with his team-mate Brown commenced to "buck up," or

(Continued on Page Six)

The Greengoldsby Legends

NUMBER ONE: BILL AND JACK

O come, Gateway readers, and list to a parable! (Parts I'll omit, that are not strictly narrable. In print that is read by the whole of Waunetadom, Though if you were all men, I might have repeated 'em.)

Long ago, to the Varsity came up two youngers, With lots of spare space in their cerebral bunkers. Jack took to study with might and main, And where profs asked for one mile, he sprinted them twin; Such devotion he had for the Varsity motto, He did all he should—Nay, more than he ought to.

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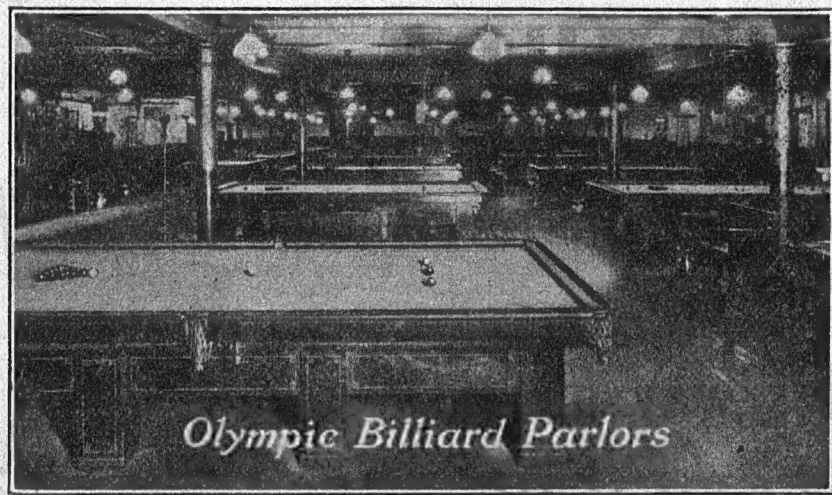
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It might almost be said that he founded an era. By pursuing so faithfully Quac-cumque Vera, And in due course, with pride, our Jack carried home a Nicely engrossed B.A. diploma.

But Bill—did Bill come to study and learn? No! Bill's course was a steady *descensus Averno!* (We bumptious writers could make not a bad array, Right here, of Vergilian words like *evadere*, But that the editor might jump in and stop us, Before we could get to *hic labor, hoc opus*; Besides, readers might boggle at *revocare gradum*, Thought the classics are pie, to those that have had 'em.)

Bill's career, in plain English, was vivid and brief, And from its commencement predestined to grief. (I skip sordid details, and come to my ditty, To the final decree of the Freshman Committee.) It proved useless to caution him, useless to rate him, Or scold him, or fine him, or warn him, or gate him, So they said (I give the words almost verbatim): "With respect, and reluctance, most gently you venture To suggest you continue your course in *absentia*. Pray depart *toute de suite*, and the tooter the sweeter!" (Their English, of course, was both purer and neater, I've changed the words slightly to go with the metre.) So the very next night, Bill drained his last tankard, Stowed his gear, said farewell, hoisted sail, and up-anchored.

You'll observe two emotions in all men alive, The fear of old age, and the passion to drive; On which two emotions a battenning horde Provide themselves snugly with bed and with board. O'er his gone student days Bill spent no time in brooding, But resolved to sail in for his share of the pudding; Light-hearted, he tossed up the last of his florins— Heads for the auto, and tails for insurance! Heads!—But what readers must all understand, is Insurance would also, *mutatis mutandis*, Provide just as easy Havanas and brandies; And tails might have given Bill the pay of a Landis.

Not very long after, a guy in Detroit, In judging the public taste very adroit, Got out a new model, that captured the market; So many were sold, there was scarce room to park it! The new car intrigued the whole world by its mystery, And advertisements hailed it as the greatest in history. Its power, and its pep, and its zip, Caught the males, And boosted beyond expectation the sales. While its lines, and its colour, its gadgets, its trimmin', Devastated the facile affections of women.

They say, for each brick-bat that fate at a man shies, She hands someone a melon. Well, Bill had the franchise!

And the best friend Bill's had, as Bill gladly owns, is The popular game, keeping up with the Jones's; A chance, and a fashion, the way the wheel twirled, And Bill's sitting pretty, a-top of the world!

Bill has a big mansion with half-timbered gables, And garages, greenhouses, kennels, and stables; And when strangers come out to report on the West, They are all driven round to see Bill's little nest, And mail in big batches most comforting letters On the chance the West offers to real go-getters.

Bill's the pride of the West, the joy of the burch, And is named with deep awe from Hong Kong to the Curragh. What more need I say, than that Bill's name so high rose, With Kiwanis, Rotarians, Optimists, Gyros, That each member's face like a mid-August sun shone, When Bill condescended to speak at their luncheon. They intoned to each other, a-bask in his light.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BILL—And declared HE'S ALL RIGHT! Bill's a hero, a legend, an Avatar, a totem, And even such magnates as bishops will quote him, To make clear to susceptible Sunday School scholars The link between industry, vision, and dollars!

Oh, ye-e-es! There was Jack, too! About Jack—God bless you, We'll leave poor old Jack for the next Gateway issue. (We'll see about it.—The Editor.)



Home-Coming Week

A home-coming week will be held at the University. Programs and entertainment have been planned for the visiting graduates. Two totem poles will be presented through the Alumni Association to the University.—Ubysey.

New Course Opens

Occupational Therapy is a new course now open to Medical students at University of Toronto. This course is given under the Department of University Extension. It is being given in order that young women may qualify as therapists in government institutions, mental hospitals, etc.—Toronto Varsity.

Sir Herbert Ames Addresses Students

The speaker pointed out that since all international troubles in this world pass through the hands of the League of Nations, no one can rightly lay claim to having an interesting education whose horizon has not been fronted with the League at Geneva.—The Manitoban.

Gown Week

Selling and wearing of gowns has been decreed, and proves more successful this year than ever.—Varsity.

Year Books

"The Tricolor," the Year Book of Queen's University, is in the course of preparation. Faculty Editors have been appointed.—Queen's Journal. The Brown and Gold Year Book is in process of making.—Manitoban.

Oregon Debaters to Tour World

A debating team from the University of Oregon will have the distinction of being the first University team from the United States to tour the world. The first debate will take place at the University of Hawaii.—McGill Daily.

First Club House for Women Grads

A lovely old Montreal residence occupies a unique place in Canada today, as it is the first and only University Women's Club in the Dominion.—Queen's Journal.

Debating Society to Discuss Woman

At a recent meeting of the McGill Literary and Debating Society, the house was to discuss the motion, "Resolved that this house disapproves of woman."

The Gila monster—a diminutive lizard found in Oregon—resides in McGill Biological Building. The monster is patterned in salmon pink and black in a mosaic design resembling gorgeous bead work. His meal is one egg every three weeks.

Dramatic Guild to Put On Two Plays

"Helen's Husband" and Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" will be offered by the Dramatic Guild.

There is a course in "movie technology" at the University of California this year. The reason given for putting on this course was the great growth of the movie industry.

Student Government, Haw! Haw!

By R.C.

Undoubtedly there is an awakening realization among the general student body that their so-called student self-government is not all that its supporters would have them believe. This realization comes much as that of the small boy who has been dissipating for years on strong tea only to find that his mother has been giving him nothing but hot water, milk and sugar—principally sugar—and telling him it was tea. This awakening is accompanied by a certain sense of injustice and not a little righteous indignation and dissatisfaction.

The recent action of the Provost truly justifies the derision levelled by another member of the staff when he said, "Student Government, Haw! Haw!" To all thinking members of the Union, however, this action is but a climax or an unveiling of a situation that has existed for some time—witness the rejection of the House Committee Amendments by the Committee on Student Affairs two years ago, immediately after they had been passed by a large majority in the Students' Union.

Now, what are we to infer? Are not the students men and women of voting age and capable of governing their own affairs? Yes—but if there are two outstanding facts here at the University, both of them are that they are not treated as such. Again—are we not supposed to have student self-government? Yes! but if we have then our redoubtable friend Jiggs is an iron-fisted master in his own home.

Well, then, are we being dealt with unjustly? No! Not necessarily. Take the instance of the child and the tea. No one would hold but that the mother was right in keeping tea from the growing child. The mistake lay in the method she used. Would it not have been better to tell him firmly that he could not

ON TROUSERS

By K.

The sailor hops in trousers broad, The soldier fights in pants of fame, The Scotch ain't got no pants at all, But they get there just the same. (Old Play.)

After an extremely minute and careful study of literature on the subject, I have found that men have always been deeply interested in everybody's trousers, and highly disdainful of one another's. The first instance noted in British literature is in Gildas, who speaks most disparagingly of the Scots' custom with regard to their nether garments—or lack of nether garments. The last is a prophecy not yet written that in 1951 trousers made of cement at the knees will be worn upside down around the neck.

Much light would be thrown on the whole subject of trousers, past, present and future, if a satisfactory meaning could be found for the following passage, relating to the battle of Poitiers: "Then the French, because they were held down by the weight of their pants, were convulsed with pants; and the English, plundering, slew them and deprived them of their coats and pants." For the past two centuries controversy has raged over this passage. On the one hand, if "pants" is taken to mean "pants," we can get a possible meaning by inserting "laughter caused by their" between "with" and "pants"; if this is correct, it is a conclusive proof that they wore heavy, ticklish, winter woollens as we do; but against this it is argued that Poitiers was fought in the summer. On the other hand, if "pants" is taken to mean "pants," the first two times the word is clear, and the last time is poetic for "breath," the phrase therefore meaning "killed them"; but what the "coats" are doing in there then is not easy to see; and besides, as the sentence would thus have nothing to do with our subject, we are forced to disregard this meaning. On another hand, if "pants" is taken to mean "pants" one place, and "pants" another, the whole quotation is evidently illogical, probably spurious, and not good English anyway.

To us, who walk four or five steps before we reach the front of our trousers, pants that we would have to walk backwards a few inches to get to the front of seems ridiculous. But such was not always the case, as pictures of our fathers at our age show. Perhaps we can all remember that song in which one newcomer in London after asking another how he likes the sights of the city, concludes with the following lines:

"And how did you get your trousers on, And did it hurt you much?"

But the most ridiculous trousers are those supplied for the poor C. O. T. C. members. The simplest formula for general peace is to make the soldiers of all nations wear such trousers: they wouldn't want to fight; they couldn't get dressed in time to fight.

Putting on these breeches is not so bad. It is one of those things which every man has to do for himself. In that respect it is like biting one's finger-nails or remaining calm on the way to the electric chair. It requires patience, courage, perseverance—and a small foot.

But getting them off is a task. Having divested oneself of a few miles of puttees, one calls all one's friends and lies down on the bed. The assistants take hold of the cuffs of the breeches and pull; the bed moves rapidly around the room until it gets wedged in the doorway; one grabs hold of the bars at its head and hangs on; everybody pulls; something gives way; the assistants fall through the plaster across the passageway; one arises, straightens the bars in the bed, replaces it, and lurches away to do unto others as others have done unto him.

have tea until he was older, because tea is bad for little boys, instead of trying to deceive him, which would later arouse his indignation and possible anger?

Med Nite

The same applies to our situation. In the case of Med Day and Nite, undoubtedly the Provost was right in forbidding its continuance. Likewise there can be no question but that the House Committee Amendments were ill-advised legislation, and were not in the best interests of the students as a whole.

But that is not the point. The point is—if we have student self-government (and we are told we have), then our affairs should not be tampered with from any outside source.

In short, we are told we have student self-government and then are fed on hot air, soft soap and sugar (principally sugar).

Therefore to prevent dissatisfaction, indignation, etc., one of two things should and must be done:

Either the students must establish once and for all that they have not student self-government,—

Or, they must establish that they have student self-government and then insist on their independence.

To Be or Not To Be Independent. The question as to whether they ought to have this independence is doubtful, but, of course, it does not alter the situation. For instance it may be argued that from past experience the students have not shown themselves capable of managing their own affairs. Indeed they do not evince enough interest to form a quorum at Union meetings.

The answer to both of these contentions is that the students have never been given a fair trial. In spite of the fact that they are supposed to have been governing themselves, they always knew or at least felt, that in the last analysis their actions would be regulated by the powers that be and consequently did not give to them the thought and care that they required.

To illustrate this point. If the students were capable of governing themselves they should have abolished, or at least modified, Med Nite several years ago. They did not, simply because they knew the faculty would do it when things got too bad.

The House Committee Amendments. Further, as regards the House Committee Amendments. Undoubtedly in that case the students passed legislation that was poor, but what legislative body can not be accused of doing that now and then. As those amendments were evidently wrong, it is only fair to student intelligence to assert that as soon as that fact became evident in practice they would have been attacked and repealed by the students themselves.

The action from above in blocking these amendments accomplished nothing in the end but impressing the

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students with the fact that no act of his or hers, or no idea of his or hers, mattered in the end—so why worry about students affairs and conditions—the authorities would see to it. Right there is the keystone, not to all the irregular acts of the students, at least to the apathy of that body towards their own organizations and welfare.

On the other hand, it is by no means certain that the students would function properly if they were given control, and it is even doubtful that if they did, that they should be given full control.

It must be remembered that each student is here for a comparatively short time, say four years—and it is not until his third year that he is able to size up University conditions intelligently. The authorities (I avoid the word faculty), however, are more or less permanent institutions with a far keener insight into, and knowledge of, University affairs, their effects and consequences, and are unquestionably better able to regulate student affairs.

But, I repeat—that does not alter the situation.

If we are to have student self-government, we must have it in fact as well as in name. If not, then we should know exactly where we do stand.

In no other way will the students and authorities be able to co-operate efficiently and contentedly for the best interests of the University.

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Press Notices On Big Bill's Show

"Patriotism," said Samuel Johnson, "is the last refuge of scoundrels." That sort of patriotism, according to opinion of the college press, holds in servitude Big Bill Thompson, Chicago's greatest American since Stephen Decatur. If any newspaper in the country has been kindly enough to credit Mayor Thompson with sincerity, it is not a college paper.

The colleges, reminding of evolution trials, no longer take kindly to the enlightened censorship of Chicago and Tennessee. Teachers and students have not hesitated to join the chorus of laughs, albeit they can do it safely, for they are laughing with the rest of the world.

Barnard students recently heard Dr. David Saville Muzzey explain his suit for misrepresentation. Professor Muzzey speaks, he said, not only for himself, but also for the many teachers throughout the country who, having chosen his history for a text, may be in the way of explaining to various school boards that they are good Americans. The Columbia historian has no hope of teaching anything to the Chicagoans of distorted patriotic notions, but "they should not be allowed to influence the growing generation," he said, "and that is what they will do if they win on this issue."

Teachers, on the whole, naturally stressed the need for freedom to teach the truth whether or not it conflicts with private opinions of Bill Thompson, Sport Herrmann, or anyone else. The college editors, however, looked at Chicago politics, and took a different view of the situation. There were those who feared a strain in Anglo-British relations, but there were others who were able to depict the perfect politician at work. These called for a new political deal. And in doing it they spared Bill Thompson no more than the system.

"If Swift were alive today," exclaimed the "Minnesota Daily," in calling for a political cleanup, "what a fertile field he would find for his caustic wit in a political system that tolerates such men as Big Bill Thompson! How he would heap scorn upon the ward bosses and other bell-wethers who led Chicago's voters to the polls in the last city election! How he would rage at the sham and hypocrisy that is being foisted by this master sheep-herder!"

The "Yale Daily News" witnesses in Chicago's biggest show on earth a continuation of political regulation of "other people's ideals and habits."

Prohibition, evolution trial, Chicago censorship, are listed in order, not as evidence of super-normality, but as indications that Mayor Thompson is the average mayor of an average community.

Just so stands the Wisconsin "Cardinal," which sees the possible burning of books as a "capital political conflagration. Thompson will be there with his cronies, his trick hat, and his choice vocabulary." The "Cardinal" recalls Thompson's election promise to promote the peace and harmony of the city. That that peace and harmony need be had by pandering to prejudice is incongruous to the Wisconsin student paper.

Election promises are being fulfilled, it is agreed. Is the blame all Thompson's? The Harvard "Crimson" believes that "if widespread and uncharitable laughter pursues a town already famous for the antics of gunmen, the blame lies more with its citizens than with its mayor, who is after all only their representative."

Bill Thompson who, as the Toronto "Varsity" says, "feels himself on safer ground in waging a campaign against the literati rather than against the banditti," has been duly enshrined by the whole country as a mountebank. It is of more importance, perhaps, that the college students are digging out of the whole performance its essential meaning as an exposition of the perfect politician at work. Whether they ever do anything to eradicate the Big Bill Thompson cannot now be foretold, but they are showing disgust with clowning as part of the people's business."

—The New Student."

BUM LIKE GENTLEMEN

"Better bumming or none at all" is the warning Mayor Zeb Council of Chapel Hill has issued to the students of University of North Carolina. Motorists, said the mayor, have complained that students seeking rides have cluttered the highways beyond comfort and safety, and that these collegians, when refused lifts, have thumbed their noses at the motorists and otherwise outrageously insulted them. "The Tar Heel," loathe to believe such an attack on the university's students, asked for more convincing details—and got them. So Carolina boys have been asked to bum with courtesy, lest the mayor and council ban them from the auto paths.

ESKS WIN OVER INTERFAC. STARS

(Continued from Page Four)

rather forward, but a fumble gave Moyer a chance to romp away for another touch. Again Dolly failed to convert.

Second Half

In the second half the Eksks gained fifteen yards on an inside kick, but when they tried a second one Mike Hoffbauer refused to let them have it. Signals were called, but a fumble gave the ball to the Eksks, who ran it down for twenty yards until downed by the indomitable Mike. By now the Northmen were perilously close, but "Bolish" kicked well out, only to have the ball returned. Prittie nailed it five yards in touch, but displaying a startling burst of speed he ran it out for twenty-five yards. In the third quarter he punted well down the field, but the ball was returned, with interest. However, McLean, who essayed to catch it, was not given yards and so gained the penalty for such a breach of rules.

In the plays that followed "Bolish" Nevezick, with his venomous plunging, brought the oval to the three-yard line for Bruce Brown to hurtle through for a touch. It was not converted.

The kick-off was fumbled, and Scotty Brown grabbed the pill, making for a touch, but he too dropped the icy leather and everybody made for it. Johnny McLean, however, reached it first, but due to the close proximity of the enemy, was unable to scoop it up. Having, no doubt, heard of soccer, he dribbled it thirty yards up the field. But that pitiless Deity, Fate, possessing no sense of humor, or rather an oversupply of the ironical kind, refused him the ball he had so lovingly caressed, and turned it over to the foe.

Duggan then worked his team up field, and Scotty Brown guirled through for a third touch. Deeming fifteen points insufficient for the amount of labor incurred, Dolighan kicked a neat drop, raising the score still another marker.

Prittie kicked off, following through to snatch the ball on a fumble and romp down to the fifteen yard line. The mob, or rather the handful of Varsity rooters were now hollering for a touch, but time robbed them of their anticipation, bringing to a close a pleasant, though slightly unfortunate, game.

The score, though 16-5, is no indication of superiority in the Eksks. For an interfac. team, with little practice and preparation, to hold the Eksks as they did is a meritorious attempt, and great credit is due to those men of the team who turned out. And also our thanks are due to Moe Lieberman for handling the game in his usual efficient manner.

SENSATIONAL SUPPLEMENT

The "Yale Daily News" bi-weekly supplement, "On National Affairs," distributed at the football game with Brown, is reported to have caused a sensation similar to the collapse of the grand stand roof. The articles were almost as heavy, ranging from discussions of "A New Kind of Prosperity" to "American Forests." The first supplement was issued last spring as an experiment. Now the feature is definitely a part of the "News." The purpose of the supplement is to interest students in the world beyond the college walls, and to mitigate somewhat the traditional college man's ignorance of national affairs.

ROMANTIC COLLEGIANS

Romantic Cyrano de Bergerac won over the soul-stricken Hamlet in balloting of Princeton undergraduates registered in Prof. Donald Clive Stuart's "Development of Drama" class. Rostand's play was adjudged the best these students had ever seen, and this choice, as well as others, evidenced a distinct favor of romantic drama. Cyrano won 21 votes, while Hamlet commanded 16, although three Shakespearean plays, Hamlet, Lear and Macbeth together, polled 24 votes. Other votes were scattered over a wide field, from Oedipus Rex and Antigone, to Faust, Caponsacchi, and St. Joan, Craig's Wife, and The Captive.—Ex.

An anonymous alumnus of Dartmouth has given the college a \$40,000 set of chimneys to be placed in the tower of the new million dollar library which is nearing completion on the campus.

Notice

A. Coffin,
W. J. Bennett,
C. K. French,
K. Conibear,
Ned Price,
V. I. MacLaren,
Vincent Allen,
Al Russel,
E. Bowker,
Hugh Morrison.

Will the above men please gather in Room 225 Medical Building at 4:30 p.m. Monday, November 21st. It's about the Year Book.

Race Discrimination

Of approximately 4,500 students at the University of Kansas, 124 are Negroes. Yet the descendants of "Bleeding Kansas" maintain rigid restrictions to keep these few colored students from entering extensively into the life of the university.

Race segregation at Kansas has been brought to light by Mrs. Marcel Haldeman-Julius, wife of the Girard publisher. The investigation grew out of an article in "The Crisis," written by a former student at the University, charging discrimination against the Negro. A scathing editorial against such a stigma followed in the "Haldeman-Julius Weekly," with the result that Chancellor E. H. Lindley invited the editor to investigate the charges, which he thought overdrawn. Mrs. Haldeman-Julius, while continuing her investigation in other Kansas colleges, professed to find at Kansas University essentially the situation described in the original complaint. She found a bright side, too, she said, that seemingly the fact that the administration holds no brief against the colored student. To this, though, there is one glaring exception. Negroes are not permitted to take their last two years in the University's medical department. No explanation of this ruling seems to have been made by the Chancellor or anyone else.

The most glaring discrimination was found, however, where "the line between administrative and student control becomes indeterminate." The cafeteria is frequented by about 25 Negroes and about 400 whites, yet the Negroes are segregated. The bouquet for most obvious and unfair prejudice was awarded the University Athletic Association, for its disbarment of Negroes from its activities. Defense is taken behind a Missouri Valley ruling, but Mrs. Haldeman-Julius scoffs at the alibi, wondering why four schools should be permitted to dictate to six. She blames the athletic association for "doing more than any other one force . . . to promote race prejudice with all the ugly consequences that invariably go with it."

Fine Etching



A particularly fine etching of a codd's brain case during any lecture.

Unprecedented Sacrifice

If a cyclone had taken its course through the Harvard campus, it could not have caused more consternation, wonderment, and gasping than did the recent resignation of the Harvard football manager. Forced to choose between the glory of an "H" in a task that is one of the most cherished in Cambridge, and an "A" in his studies, the student turned to the "A." Harvard found it hard to believe that a man with his hand on the glory that is granted but few should renounce his opportunity. Some of the students snickered and muttered something about lack of spirit. But there were others who hailed the act as a much-needed victory for scholarship. The Harvard Crimson believes the trend is away from over-emphasis on extra-scholastic activities, and hails the resignation as a victory for the cause of learning. It believes that the manager is free from "any stigma of disloyalty" that would have been charged to him had he cast his lot with scholarship a few years ago.—New Student.

COWBOYS DISCUSS SOPH RECEPTION

Thin Woman Incurs a Cowboy's Wrath—A Strange Story

"D'ja go to the hop Friday night, Bill?"

"Reckon I did, Posthole. An' if I didn't hev one hell-for-leather time, I don't want a dollar. Say, d'ja see that there dame all in green with the nifty pins?"

"That's whatever—what the Frogs call a 'toot onsombul'—the green, I mean. She was plumb seductive. She can crawl inter my wicki-up any old time whatsoever. That's all I gotta say."

"Well, I'm not sayin' I don't agree with yu' there. But, Gawd! there wuz one thin woman—plomb thin—so thin she had to stand up twict to make a shadow. She busted around that ther hall like a cat on a slate-roof. I wuz dancin' along peaceable-like with Maizie, reflectin' on her sweet feminyne pulchritude, when she comes bargin' in with that doozy dance. She wuz dancin' with that hombre from the Gulch, an' he was some lubricated. (Yu' know I don't fool none when I say 'lubricated,' don't you?) Well, they comes traipsin' down the side like hell a-beatin' can-bark, an' me, all unsuspectin'-like, tellin' Maizie what cute eyes she's got. Sudden-like, it seems as if all hell had up an' hit me. It seems this yere aforesaid pair, the lath and the plastered, so to speak, had failed to remark us in ther fancy lode down the hall, an' the result was a country temps, as old Jean Leboeuf puts it. If I'd hed my lariat I'd a roped the both o' them fer a couple cavortin' mavericks. It wuz plumb aggravatin'. But I was short placarded, or placated, or sumpin' when Maizie looks inter my lamps an' says, 'Never mind, Bill, dear.' Sweet sufferin' pole-cats! 'Deary,' mind yu'?"

"Sounds all hunky-dory, Bill, yu' ole coyote, but when yu' knows as much about these yere female critturs as me, yu' don't fall—leastways, not very hard—fur that kind o' banana oil. Bo, when yu' speaks wimen ter me, I pulls my guns an' backs fer a corner. They can't be trusted, not none, nor now. Now take that Red Dog woman for instance. She simply backs yu' inter a corner an' declares she's yorn, an' her history is some purple. Look at that ther pore innocent bozo frum Poverty Flats that she raked in to the choon of five grand. Purple! Why, Bill, she's plumb lurid. She damned him body an' soul. These female wimen have shore played some hell, boy, ever since Eve forgot to wear her g-d-eef. They ain't none o' them any good, not none! Why, hell's bells, an' panther tracks, man—"

"Look out, pard, er yu'll shore hev a hemorrhage. It'd hurt my feelins—which they ain't none too easily bruised, not whatsoever—if I thot fer a split second yu' wuz insinuat'in' that my Maizie wuz in the same cat-gory as that ther varmint yu' wuz just relat'in' o'. An' anyway, yu' ole Piute, we wuz discoursin' about the dance. What's yer honest-to-God opinion, Posthole, about these sweet, pretty, goddam milk-fed hombres from the city, that prance out here on a short lode, carral our gals with their little sayin's, an' look at us like they was short Gawd's great gift to wimmen. Don't they just think they're some hellers?"

"That's whatever, Bill. But ther y're, yu' see—plomb shows that what I said about wimmen is all as true as that gray cayuse o' mine. But we wuz talkin' about the dance, wuzn't we. Which them drawins on the wall purporting to represent a six-gun reminds me of the ol' days down Arizona way. What hez this to do with the dance? There wuz a dance—just close yer onery yap an' lissen to this yere narrative."

"One Sunday comes along which said there was nothin' to do on it—said state bein' plumb unusual on any ranch fur which I ever rode hard on a flock o' dogies. So feelin' the call, an' thinkin' o' three fingers o' somethin' in a long glass, I throws my saddle over Buster out thar, an' heads fer town. About half-ways thereto'ards, I sees, sudden-like, a horse an' buggy traipsin' right smart along the trail. On gettin' closer I remarks that the hull dangd outfit is as spick an' span as Johnny's bar-room just prior to bein' hit by the boys from Powder River. So feelin' ornery like, an' plumb coorous, I stops said contraption, an' pullin' my Colts I gently inerts that it'd please me some if this yere hombre that wuz drivin' would crawl down out'er his seat. Which he does, scowlin' at me some ferocious. When I orders him to onhitch his haws and tie him to the wheel, he's shore some riled, an' hints to me gently that there's somethin' canine back somewhere in my ancestry. Howsomever, Colt's .45's speaks purty effective like, an' he does as bid. Which I allows is right ferchoonate fer him."

"Then I asks him, all polite like, to dance fer me an' Buster, er I havin' been to a vaudeville fer nigh onto two years. He then invites me to have somethin' happen to me,

COLLEGE JOURNALISM MUST SHOW TEMPERANCE

(Editorial in Toronto Varsity.)

That friendly inter-university relationships may be severely harmed, and, perhaps, suddenly offset by rabid, biased or misinformed College Journalism, is a fact that has for years been recognized by many members of the University Press at Varsity, Queen's and McGill. And fortunately, as a consequence, their influence has been such that little of an antagonistic nature has appeared in their columns—rather have these journals adopted an attitude of good fellowship, or, if you like, tolerance.

But, from time to time, a sudden wave of impetuous indignation has forced its way to the surface. But, in lean years, when facing a paucity of championships, jealousy has reared its head, and a College press, in wishing to appear distinctly "in the know," has broadcasted misleading statements and false accusations. While "The Varsity" may, at times, have offended in this respect, it has been more the policy of this paper to mirror student opinion here and in our sister universities rather than to nurse ill-feeling; and in many cases facts have been under-stated rather than over-stated, or else entirely ignored. But our fellow journalists at Queen's and McGill have not always been quite so moderate in this respect, and several times this year have they transgressed the bounds of good judgment and good will in a deplorable fashion.

Whatever the hue and cry may be, we do know that the Canadian universities themselves conduct their sports in an honest manner, and neither they nor their undergraduate bodies should be the subject of attack because of some graduate interest. Nor should one or more of the universities be made the subject of attack because they wish to foster a move that will work to the benefit of the Intercollegiate Union as a whole.

The "Queen's Journal" recently attacked both Varsity and McGill because the two latter were said to favour the abolition of certain athletic rules, although urging upon the Union the retention of a ruling that would work to the benefit of Queen's. It was a case of one shoe fitting and the other pinching, because the "Journal" was honest enough to confess that Queen's had but few, if any, affected under the clause protested by Varsity and McGill. All of which might be condoned on the score of fanaticism. But not so the attack on the representatives at the C.I.A.U. meeting. The "Journal," to the contrary, the day has long since gone when the representatives of the universities "continually jockey to their mutual benefit." Rather the day has come when these representatives look to the weal of the Union as a whole without prejudice or thought of their own self-interests.

It is hardly to be thought that the "Journal" represented the attitude of the thinking heart of Queen's, but rather the impetuous urge of youth toward the bombastic and sensational. Nor is it probable that they expected their cry to be heard, but rather that they would now wish it to fade away in a whisper, for it betokens a mind far too narrow, too provincial, to be associated with the editorial mind of the newspaper of a splendid seat of learning.

LAST CALL!

A volume, number 15 of a set of the Harvard Classics, lies unclaimed at the library desk. It was left there some considerable time ago to be called for. The librarian would be glad to know to whom it belongs. As an aid to the borrower's memory, it may be stated that the volume contains "The Pilgrim's Progress" and two of Donne's "Lives."

which is physiologically impossible, but my Colt's starts to speak around his feet, and he dances—dances plumb graceful, too. Gawd! it wuz hot—hotter'n the hubs o' hell—in comparison th' Equator wuz shore frigid. So when my friend looks as if he couldn't keep a-goin any longer I puts away my gun, an' let's him stop.

"Pard," says he, enthoosiaistic like, "thet wuz purty dam good." (An' the way he draws it out, slow-like, I didn't but feel enthoosied some myself.) "Yessiree, pard, thet there little play o' yourn wuz purty dam good." Then, sudden-like—Here, stranger, have a drink on it, an' walkin' to the buggy he pulls out a big bottle. Now, I was enthoosed, plumb, an' reachin' fur the bottle I pulls the cork, an' throws er to my throat, which was right dry.

"But I haven't taken a swaller when a quiet, dirty, mean voice says, 'Put down that bottle,' an', Bill, I finds myself lookin' into the cold end of a revolver. Wall—I puts down the bottle. Which the smile is all gone frum the stranger's face now—leastways, I see no trace of it—and he says, mean like, 'Now, yu' tin-horn, four-flushin', misbegotten son uv a catawampus—jingle them spurs!' Well, Bill—I jingled 'em. Thet wuz a dance! Good-night, Bill."

RETROSPECT

(Continued from Page 4)

to the newly-formed Intercollegiate Rugby Union. You know the cup—that one that Alberta won the very next year, and afterwards gained permanently, when they won the league for so many years. You should have been around to see the boys eat! They certainly filled up any cavities that might have been created by their former starvation diet.

"The Saskatchewan fellows held a dance for the team. They herded us into a room from which there was no escape and gave us partners—you know, just like the ancients mating their children! None of us had any choice. We wondered what had happened to all the good-looking damsels whom we had seen around the halls earlier in the day. We saw them again later—with some other fellow. We had to leave early—too early for some—in order to catch the train for Winnipeg."

We Arrive in Winnipeg

"A more or less uneventful journey was passed. There was more playing of cards and a good imitation of music. Most of the fellows were rather too stiff and bruised to do much moving around, so were very content to stay where they were. At Winnipeg a few ex-Varsity fellows met us. Charlie Waldo, Hugh Fraser and Ian Macdonald were out in full force to greet us. Some Manitoba men, among whom we recognized Ross Cooper and Carl Clements, took us to one of their "frat" houses. That was before there were residences there, which were later instituted instead of the rather absurd and formal method they then had, viz., fraternities. Even the Manitoba boys much preferred the Alberta system of residences, and we certainly were not impressed with their fraternities from what we saw of them."

"Our coach walked us all over town, and that was in the days when walking was walking. After he had dragged us over most of Winn'g, he suddenly thought it might be a good idea if a little food. My warn-taken of, but we were sorely substantial to eat nothing more. I imagine a bunch of husky young fellows subsisting on salads! Needless to say, we didn't. We slept that night, and next morning were rudely awakened by phone calls and bangings on the door. Time for another practice. Out we dragged ourselves into the cold, cold air, and ran through a few signals which must have impressed the few onlooking "Peggys" with their supreme raggedness."

"We were later driven around town by some of the Winnipeg fellows. Some of us were more fortunate than the rest, for we had some very nice company in the shape—or, form, no, that's worse—of some comely co-eds. If you ever should run across Gibson or Lewis, ask them what they thought about it."

A Weird Game

"The game was played by ourselves and Manitoba and the officials. We were on one side and the rest, well, they played rugby too. I don't need to tell you about that game; it is mentioned every year as the last time that Alberta was beaten by Manitoba."

"A very fine banquet was given in the evening for us. Unfortunately we had to leave town early. No, we weren't run out, though we would have liked to run certain people out. Next morning on the train there were a lot of swelled heads among the fellows. Strange what caused that; it certainly wasn't from having played good rugby. A long, tedious journey was broken at times by music and a vaudeville act. One end of the car had all the earmarks of a clearing house—or a bankers' counting house. Outside of these few things there was nothing particularly interesting about the return trip. We were met at the Edmonton depot by a huge reception committee, who welcomed us back with deafening cheers—yes, both of them did."

"Well, fellows, this account won't seem to you very complimentary to that good old team of twenty years ago, but remember—then, rugby was not what it is today. Sport was not then taken into consideration by examination boards, nor were general holidays declared in order to allow the students to attend games away from home in a body. Again, the game was made slow and rough by the barring of interference and the forward pass. All these factors make the game what it is today."

The old gentleman ceased, having once again inflicted upon the ears of his small audience an oft-repeated and time-honoured anecdote.

Notice

Those interested in doing advertising work for the "Evergreen and Gold," and thereby winning undying fame for themselves and honor for their posterity, kindly call at the Year Book office, 225 Medical Building, at 4:30 p.m., Monday, Nov. 21st.

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